

A LOVE SET

From the Sketch: One sunny morning in early July I sat with my sister, Lady Emily, by the side of the river. Nature had donned her summer dress; the river flowed silently away between banks in green dresses, trimmed with rushes, among which the water-diamonds sparkled in the sunshine. Great trees hung lovingly over the clear water, gazing at their fiery mirrored in its depths, as if they would never tire of admiring themselves in their beautiful summer clothing. This is Lady Emily's description of the scene. I was busy fishing. There seemed no one in the world but ourselves and the flies.

"Where is Tommy this morning?" I inquired, rescuing my hook from the interior of a misguided fish. Emily emerged from a parasol, gazed which she had retreated during the operation. She said I reminded her of Nero on such occasions.

"I have sent him into the village to do some shopping for me," she explained. I whistled softly.

"Three miles in the heat! Great is the power of love!"

"I am a little worried about him," said Emily.

"Oh, he'll be all right! Ice applied to the head works wonders," I remarked, cheerfully.

"It's not that; but—but I believe he is going to propose."

"I should not think so," I said, judiciously. "His feelings, when he returns from the village, very hot and tired, will be rather those of hatred of the tyrant who sent him on such a journey."

"I shall mix him some oatmeal water."

"And add insult to injury."

"He says he likes it."

"Then probably he will propose. Matters seem to have gone far."

"But I will upset everything if he does," said Emily, plaintively.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because—it's impossible, of course—and he'll go away, and I shall be without any one to—to fetch things from the village."

"Oh!" I remarked. I could have said more, but it was too hot. I did not approve of Emily's sentiments.

"Can you suggest a way to put it off?" she asked, tying knots in the rushes.

"I will not be your companion in crime," I said, with an assumption of anger, alled by the persistent efforts of the flies to make a promenade of my nose.

"Don't be silly!—He'll get over it all right."

"Oh, if you think he's not really in earnest—"

"He is; I know he is."

Emily sat in meditation for a few moments. Then she said wearily, "It's too hot to think. Do help me!"

"I could tell him your real character," I said, taking pity on her distress.

"You're horrid!"

"I meant it kindly," said I, and returned to my fishing.

"Shall I awaken the echoes of the past?" said I, presently.

I began to count the echoes on my fingers. "Charley Murgrove! Lord Harvey!"—and so on, until I began again at my thumb. Then, Emily interferred. "You dare!" she said.

On reflection, I did not dare. To recount the punishment which she has at various times inflicted on a loving brother would be but to revive the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

For a time a neighboring cuckoo monopolized the conversation.

Then Emily said, "There's Tommy."

A white figure was crossing a bridge a little way higher up the river. There was a weariness in his gait that went to my heart, and I seemed to see in myself the torture of thirst that must possess him.

"You are going to meet him?" I inquired, seeing Emily rise.

"Yes," she replied, giving herself that wonderful little shake with which a woman can banish all disorder from her attire.

"Are you armed?" I asked anxiously.

"What do you mean?"

"The man must be desperate—and the oatmeal water—"

Emily passed in the net of running an enormous pin into her head—or thereabouts—and looked up into my face with a smile.

"Well, yes—she was armed."

Returning home in the cool of the evening, I noticed a letter lying on the table, addressed to Emily, in a hand unmistakably masculine. I was informed that she was out, also that Mr. Boynton was out. I drew my conclusions, and, knowing the favorite haunts of my sister, I took the letter and went out in quest of them. I found them sitting under the trees, watching the fish rising at the flies. At least, that is what they said they were doing.

"I hope I am not intruding?" said I.

"Oh, no," said Emily.

"Certainly not—very pleased—lovely evening—warm!" muttered Tommy, inarticulately.

I fancied he was not quite sincere, and proceeded to offer one of my best cigars, as a propitiation. I lit another myself, and we sat in silence for many minutes. The air was intensely still; the blue smoke wreathed upward and hung in miniature clouds over our heads, to the great discomfort of the neighboring flies.

Lady Emily, not having a cigar to occupy her mind—and mouth—was the first to break the silence.

"I thought you intended to pay a call this evening," said she.

"The great charm of this life," I replied, "is that you never do what you intended to do. It is sufficiently delightful to do nothing."

"To eat the lotus," added Emily, sighing for no cause whatever.

"It would get very slow after a bit," replied a 75pkl shrdly shrdshrdlrdlrdl remarked Tommy, in whom there is no poetry.

I puffed three times at my cigar, thinking dreamily; then I said:

"You, Thomas, are like the mountain torrent, foaming and bubbling, dashing itself against stones, and always hur-

plained, but—well, they know. And there, in the intense heat of the July sun, those two unfortunates ran about the lawn, dodging and blinding, and making themselves scarce, dripping, and unpleasant to the eye. My sister and I watched them from under the cool shade of the trees, Emily eating huge quantities of ice cream to steady her nerves.

But Tommy was hopelessly outplayed. Five—no, forty—fifty; the ball new from Sorrell's racket into the corner where Tommy was not, and the game was over. The duellists approached, and were given oatmeal water to drink. In the general conversation that followed Tommy seemed depressed, but Sorrell's spirits were high. He had a noisy, self-assertive manner at times which jarred me excessively.

After dinner as I sat smoking in the garden, Emily came to me, holding her hands behind her.

"Which hand will you have?" she inquired, dropping a little curtsy.

"Run away!" I replied. I'm disappointed in you."

She held out her left hand, and I saw the flash of diamonds.

"H'm!" I grunted. "Sorrell seems to have made very certain of the matter."

Emily knelt beside me and stroked my nose.

"It isn't Sorrell, you silly old thing."

"But—" I began in astonishment.

"It's Tommy, of course!"

"But Sorrell had the six games!"

"Yes."

And after she had kissed me three times she added, softly, "but Tommy had the love, you know."

Which, after all, was a most excellent reason.

KING OF ALL "KICKERS."

A Man Whose Death Was a Relief to the Community.

In Italy a man has just died whose passing bell was a relief to the community. Signor Traversi was an exemplary citizen, a millionaire—it's easy to be that in Italy, with a coin worth only one-fifth of a dollar—the father of two esteemed playrights. An excellent person in his way, but the king of all "kickers."

Traversi's great specialty was law-

suits. He turned his back on his birthplace, Milan, because he was defeated in a tax suit, and forbade its name to be mentioned in his presence. By way of revenge on the city he retained his box in La Scala, the famous Milanese opera house, but kept it ostentatiously empty and closed. When the old senator William visited Milan in 1873 the city authorities forcibly opened the box and assigned it to some German officers for the performance in honor of the emperor. The empty box would be an insult; it was not to be thought of. Traversi sued the city for damages. Having won a hardly contested case, he had the verdict engraved on a marble tablet in the wall of his country house.

Traversi was just as famous in Naples, where he had a famous record as a long-winded litigant. The most famous of all his suits is the roast-beef case. Having ordered that dish in a restaurant, he was told that he could not be furnished, as the supply was exhausted. He protested that the restaurant was obliged to furnish everything on the bill of fare.

Then he went away, and soon returned with a notary and two witnesses, and had documentary evidence of the absence of roast beef drawn up according to the forms of law. He sued the restaurant, and after being defeated in two courts was successful in the third. The publican was fined twenty-five cents, the price of a portion of roast beef.

Traversi left directions that his funeral should be of the simplest possible character and forbade the announcement of his death. Appropriately to the memory of such a man, Traversi's will is to be contested. His heirs will fight over his wealth as bitterly as he ever contested a case in his lifetime.—New York World.

Money and Politics.

Baltimore American: Once there was a Millionaire.

His friends said: "What good is your money to you if you are not in Politics?"

So he went into Politics.

In a short while he was a Politician, but he was not a Millionaire.

Then when he wished to run for Office they hoisted:

"Why do you want to mix in Politics when you have no money?"

Moral: "Huh!"

One Woman's Way of Looking at Some Things.

There are certain odd developments in the business woman that to her cooler sisters seems unexplainable. The cooler sister may have peculiarities that are absolutely unbearable, but that she can see the inconsistencies of others is a trait shared in common with humanity. However, in one of his novels, makes one of his characters go into a detailed account of why he hated evil so furiously, the conclusion of a clever argument being that it was because he himself was full of wickedness. That he hated lying, malice, envy and uncharitableness to positively because he himself was a liar, malicious, envious and uncharitable. It was not the possession of the trait that gave him a proper estimate of the extent of it in others, for it is a cardinal principle of the poet and philosopher that we dislike most in others the qualities which we ourselves possess. For that reason it might be argued that it is never good policy to be extreme in views which touch the conduct or failing of others, since the woman who demands that her sex is privileged to jump at conclusions is naturally conclude that the outspoken hatred of some trait is due to the possession of that characteristic. It has gone out of fashion for women to gossip; good form has set the stamp of disapproval upon that form of entertainment. The woman who likes to gossip is deprived of her chief recreation just at present, owing to Mme. Grundy's determination to be protected. The ability of good form to stop a certain kind of criticism which expresses disapproval merely is questionable, and envy, hatred and malice with all uncharitableness would seem to find its victims as long as the traits exist.

One would think that the business woman with her mind so full of business duties and the home tasks would be conservative in her estimate of people and appearances. It would seem that the realization of the immense responsibilities that come with duties outside of the home would cultivate a charitable, as well as cautious, disposition and yet it does not always have that broadening effect.

A little instance a short time ago illustrates a failing that is odd to say the least. Three women, strangers to a fourth, found themselves employed in the same institution. The third day of their acquaintance the four were discussing equalities in a neighboring city which the three had made their home. The fourth said, "Did you know Mrs. Blank when she lived in Whitcombville?" "Yes," said the first, "I could not bear her."

"Nor I," said the second, and the third echoed, "I never could bear her."

The fourth, shocked to hear one of the noblest and most refined of women so harshly spoken of, with a touch of anger that one of her best friends should be so uncharitably treated, said in a non-committal way, "Well, I never could imagine any one knowing Mrs. Blank without dearly loving her," was probably able to gauge the true status of affairs when the first woman said, "Oh, I never met her."

"Nor I," said the second, "I just did not like her style!" while the third explained that she had been introduced to the lady in question at a chance meeting; that she had acknowledged the introduction in the usual manner and had never spoken with her the second time. The explanation came in the fact that the woman under discussion was a prominent society leader, a womanly woman, and her very assumption of the dignity which was inherent in her had raised a crowd of critics about her that were the more remarkable because they were business women.

No one learns quicker than the business woman that the woman who ad-



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A method of obtaining sodium from sea-weed and saving numerous by-products has been patented in Norway by Prof. Wille. The solution is extracted through the aid of acids, and it is claimed that the quantity yielded is greater than is secured through the burning process, which wastes much. From the offal can be obtained a cheap substitute for Iceland moss for use in making so-called sea paint. Other products are: A finish for use in cloth mills and as a glue for paper; a kind of leather for binding books; a coating for making sheeting into a kind of oil-cloth; a pulp that, mixed with silk, forms a good insulator for piping; and material for soap-makers.

A novel process for taking oxygen from the air has been brought to notice by two English chemists. The air is forced at a pressure of five to ten atmospheres into a vessel of alcohol, and little nitrogen. On releasing the pressure, the undissolved nitrogen is discharged, the oxygen being then withdrawn by an air-pump. This product contains 35 to 40 per cent of oxygen, and can be further enriched by passing a second or third time through the apparatus. The nearly pure oxygen from the final operation is washed with water to remove traces of alcohol.

Great ant cities have been estimated by M. Forel and Sir John Lubbock to contain as many as 400,000 to 500,000 individuals. Believing these figures much too high, M. Yung has killed the ants in five great hills by means of poisonous vapor, and has then carefully counted the dead. His results are, respectively, 55,018, 64,470, 15,323, 92,694, and 17,528. Adding 10,000 in each case for absent and escaped ants, the largest ant-hill would have about 100,000 in all.

The latest experiments tend to prove that pitcher-plants are not carnivorous, as has been so long believed, and that any apparent digestive action is due to external microbes that may enter the pitchers.

An idea of the importance of natural vegetable indigo is given by the recent statement that its production equals in value the world's entire output of artificial dye-stuffs. Artificial indigo is nearly pure indigotin, its percentage being 97, while natural indigo has between 70 and 80 per cent, and the special disadvantages of the artificial product depend upon its lack of ingredients that are important for the darker shades of color. It serves its purpose so well, however, that another great revolution in chemical industries awaits only its cheapening. Coal-tar dyes have already contributed greatly to the prosperity of Germany, which produces five-sixths of the world's total of colors, and in 1895 not less than 7,265 hands were employed in the aniline factories of that country, with 4,154 hands in other works using coal-tar as raw material.

The new era of light of Bremer is claimed to effect great saving through the addition to the carbons of 15 to 50 per cent of non-conducting metallic salts, such as compounds of calcium, silicon or magnesium. No complicated device is necessary for keeping the carbon points at a constant distance. There are two carbons—forming an acute angle—for each pole, and they slide down by their weight to the point of contact. The positive and negative carbons are at right angles, the arc being blown down from the point of the V by magnetic influence. An electromagnet brings the carbons into contact for lighting. It is stated that the light is less absorbed by steam and fog than that of the ordinary arc, and that the lamp therefore, has special advantages for light-houses, search-lights, etc.

From records at ten stations in India, Mr. W. L. Dallas finds support for the

belief that the damage done by lightning is very much less in the tropics than in the temperate zones. The Indian thunderstorm season extends from the middle of March to the middle of October, the storms usually occurring in the afternoon.

A curious suggestion is the study of thunder from photographs of the figures produced by its vibrations in fine sand on stretched parchment.

Poisoning from a curious source has been brought to the notice of the Paris Academy of Medicine. On a warm spring afternoon a child of seventeen months was carried home from his play in an unconscious condition, seemingly suffocated, and he was revived with difficulty, remaining very ill for forty-eight hours. A peculiar odor from the feet led the doctors to conclude that the child had been poisoned by aniline dye in the shoes. A growing custom is to dye with aniline black the half-worn tan shoes of summer, and other cases soon confirmed this theory of poisoning. Experiments on animals were then made. These have proved that the absorption of concentrated aniline, through the skin may cause serious asphyxia by alteration of the blood corpuscles, and that this absorption is aided by a close, humid and warm atmosphere. The aniline gives off vapor at five to ten degrees below the usual temperature of tightly-laced shoes.

The most dangerous occupation is generally supposed to be that of sailors on merchant vessels. From statistics of 1888, however, Lord James has found that among the shunters on the English railroads, 5,08 per 1,000 were killed and 7.5 were injured, while in the mercantile marine 5.2 were killed, with very few non-fatal accidents. In coal mines, 1.25 per 1,000 were killed; in metalliferous mines, 0.65; in factories in the non-textile trades, 0.2; in textile factories, 0.1, and in the ship-building trade, 0.5. The most dangerous trade, it is pointed out, is the only one without government protection.

The greatest heat of the century recorded in the vicinity of Paris is stated by M. E. Roger to have been 103.6 degrees, at Chateaudun on July 27 of this year, the nearest approach to this having been 101.5 degrees at Montsouris Observatory a week earlier. At Poitiers, 106.2 degrees was recorded in July, 1870. High temperatures about London have been 95.2 degrees at Camden Town on July 16 last, and 97.1 degrees at Greenwich, in July, 1881; while 101 degrees was reached at Alton, Hants, in the latter month.

A discussion of great crystals has drawn from Prof. Henry Montgomery, of Toronto, the statement that while in the Black Hills tin mines in 1856, he measured a crystal of apatite that was thirty-eight and one-half feet long and thirty-two inches thick.

One Who Did.

Kansas City Journal: In his speech at Topeka Mr. Bryan said: "What king ever promises a bad government to his subjects?" Go back through history and you can never find where a tyrant or a despot ever promised anything but a good government." And to this the old adage says: "Had he been a diligent student of the Bible, he would have known what King Rehoboam, Solomon's son, said to his subjects just after he ascended the throne. He declared to them, 'My father made your yoke heavy, but I will add thereto. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.'"

Blighting Effect.

Kansas City Journal: A dialect poem in a Denver paper is entitled "Since I Heard Bryan Speak." It may be summarized briefly by saying that, judging from its contents, the author has been crazy ever since.

Deafness of 12 Years' Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for twelve years from Catarrh, all treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. Sold by Charles R. Goetze, Twelfth and Market streets.—

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